

den outside answering the music of the  
horns thrummed by deft fingers inside.

usalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city!  
City of God! Joy of the whole earth!  
Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol!  
Surely it never could have been

captured. But while standing there on the housetop that December afternoon I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers built again and again

they fell. Yonder are the high walls, and  
but again and again they were leveled.  
To rob the treasures from her temples,  
and palace and dethrone this queen  
city of the earth all nations plotted.  
David taking the throne at Hebron de-  
cides that he must have Jerusalem for  
his capital, and coming up from the  
south at the head of two hundred and  
eighty thousand troops he captures it.  
Look, here comes another siege of Jeru-  
salem!

• The Assyrians under Sennacherib,  
enslaved nations at his chariot wheel,

having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign; Phoenicia kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon, under Nebuchadnezzar, come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no

other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of

the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy they break up—the brazen sea and the two wreathed pillars, Jachin and Boaz.

ASSAILED BY THOUSANDS.

Another siege of Jerusalem, and Pompey, with the battering rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead, and the city in the clutches of the Roman

war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus, with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballista arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great boulders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries

of beams underground, which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many

strangers—were in the city at the time, and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead.

**GLOKIOUS SALADIN.**

But looking from this housetop the

siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the bravest, bravest and mightiest men that ever

lived, for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard, Cœur de Lion, king of England; Philip Augustus, king of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men marching on through fevers and

plagues and battle charges and sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem, seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse.

With all the world looking on the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem.

At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given

up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast,

having taken the city, march bare-headed and barefooted to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulchre and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom! But Saladin retook the city, and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession

of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

WITH ONLY THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this Nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will unrel-

crusade in which you and I are engaged. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of gospel peace! And may the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not

as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back

the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple greater than all the

Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last